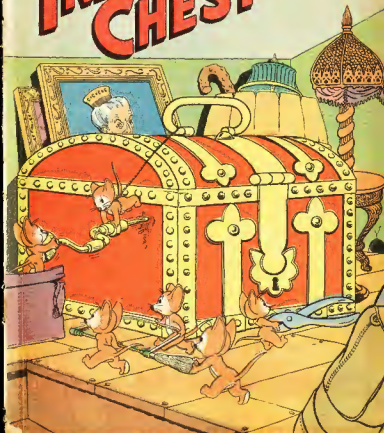


Vol. 2. No. 5
October 29, 1946

TREASURE CHEST





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HALLOWEEN FUN



TO MAKE THE
PUMPKINHEAD
MASK YOU NEED:

A BOX OF CLOTH REINFORCEMENT



1-CUT OFF
BOTTOM OF BAG.

2-CUT BOTH ENDS
IN POINTS.



BY
VIOLET MOORE HIGGINS

A PUMPKINHEAD YOU CAN WEAR



SCISSORS,
A SOFT PENCIL,
ORANGE POSTER PAINT,

A PAINT BRUSH,
A CARD PUNCH.



AND A LARGE PAPER BAG
FROM THE GROCERY.

3-PUNCH A HOLE IN EACH POINT.



4- RE-INFORCE EACH HOLE.
5- PAINT THE BAG ORANGE.

6-DRAW A FACE ON THE BAG, SPACING THE FEATURES
TO CORRESPOND WITH YOUR OWN.
7-CUT OUT THE BLACK OPENINGS.



8-LACE STRING IN TOP
HOLES, DRAW TOGETHER
AND TIE FIRMLY.

9-POKE BAG DOWN IN MIDDLE.

10-LACE STRING IN LOWER
HOLES, SLIP BAG OVER
YOUR HEAD AND TIE THE
STRING UNDER CHIN.



AND
THERE YOU ARE!

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HISTORY of FOOTBALL

By GEORGE FOLEY JR.,

PART II.

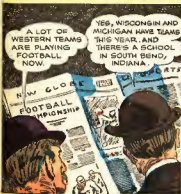
FOOTBALL SIGNALS WERE INTRODUCED IN 1882. AT FIRST, SENTENCES WERE USED; THEN LETTERS AND, FINALLY, NUMBERS.



THE STANDARD OF ELEVEN MEN ON A TEAM WAS ADOPTED IN THE SAME YEAR.



BY 1890, SCORES OF COLLEGES WERE PLAYING FOOTBALL - INCLUDING A SMALL SCHOOL CALLED NOTRE DAME.



INTERSECTIONAL CLASHES WERE RARE. TYPICAL WAS THE ATTITUDE OF THE PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.



1890 SAW THE BIRTH OF THE ARMY-NAVY SERIES. BUT THE GAMES BETWEEN THE ACADEMIES WERE BANNED IN 1895.



UNTIL 1895, THE "BIG THREE" RULED THE FOOTBALL WORLD. THEY WERE IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES.



IN 1897, MODERN SCORING WAS STARTED.



FROM 1896 TO 1905, FOOTBALL WAS MARKED BY BRUTAL, CRUEL PLAYING, WITH SHEER POWER THE ONLY WAY TO WIN.



THE WORST PLAY IN FOOTBALL HISTORY WAS THE FLYING WEDGE, WHICH CAUSED MOST OF THE INJURIES OF THAT DECADE.



THERE WAS NO SAFE WAY TO STOP A WEDGE. HURDLING ALSO BECAME A PRACTICE THAT TOOK A HIGH INJURY TOLL.



THE GREATEST TEAM OF THAT ERA WAS MICHIGAN UNDER COACH YOST. THEY WERE UNDEFEATED FROM 1901 TO 1905.



BUT IN 1905, WITH COLLEGE FOOTBALL DEATHS AT 18, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CALLED COLLEGE OFFICIALS TO WASHINGTON TO WARN THEM.



THE NEXT YEAR, SWEEPING CHANGES WERE MADE IN THE RULES. TO OPEN UP THE GAME, THE FORWARD PASS WAS MADE LEGAL.



BUT THE FORWARD PASS WAS TO MARK A NEW TYPE OF FOOTBALL AND INCREASE COMPETITION.



AT FIRST, THE PASS WAS NOT USED -- ESPECIALLY IN THE EAST. BUT IN 1913, ONE OF FOOTBALL'S GREATEST UPSETS SOLD IT TO THE NATION.



ARMY - THE POWER OF THE EAST - WAS BEATEN, 35 - 13, AT WEST POINT, BY AN UNKNOWN COLLEGE NAMED NOTRE DAME. THIS STARTED THE ARMY - NOTRE DAME SERIES AND MADE PASSING POPULAR.



IN 1913, WISCONSIN AND CHICAGO STARTED THE NUMBERING OF PLAYERS. SEVERAL YEARS LATER, THIS CUSTOM WAS ADOPTED BY ALL TEAMS.



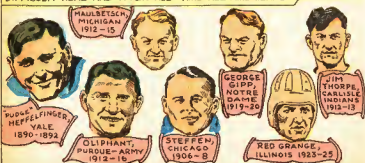
THE ANNUAL ROGE BOWL GAME STARTED IN 1916. FOOTBALL WAS NOW A NATIONAL GAME, WITH MORE THAN 500 COLLEGES PLAYING FULL SCHEDULES.



FOOTBALL CROWDS GREW IN THE 1920'S AS THE GAME BECAME MORE POPULAR. IN 1929, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND NOTRE DAME DREW 112,912 PEOPLE AT SOLDIERS FIELD, CHICAGO. NOTRE DAME WON, 13 - 12.



AS FOOTBALL GREW, SELECTION OF ALL-AMERICAN TEAMS BECAME MORE DIFFICULT. HERE ARE A FEW ALL-TIME ALL-AMERICANS.



FOOTBALL OWES MUCH TO ITS EARLY COACHES WHO DEVELOPED THE GAME AND PUT IT ON A SOUND BASIS. THEY ALSO HELPED KEEP IT AN AMATEUR SPORT. HERE ARE A FEW OF THE GREAT ALL-TIME COACHES.



THE TWO GREATEST COMBINATIONS IN MODERN FOOTBALL:



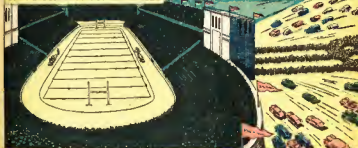
THE SEVEN BLOCKS OF GRANITE OF FORDHAM 1935



THE GROWTH OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL HAS HELPED THE PROFESSIONAL GAME, PLAYED SINCE 1895. THE "PRO" GAME WITH EX-COLLEGE STARS, DRAWS HUGE CROWDS.



POST-WAR FOOTBALL WILL BE THE GREATEST IN HISTORY. OVER 750 COLLEGES ARE PLAYING THIS FALL. FASTER, MORE THRILLING GAMES ARE PREDICTED IN THE COMING GOLDEN ERA OF FOOTBALL!



ST. CHARLES BORROROMEO

PATRON OF CATECHISTS

By JEANNIE M. LAWSON

FEAST DAY,
NOV. 4

ST. CHARLES LIVED AT A TIME WHEN, IN SOME PLACES, LITTLE THOUGHT WAS GIVEN TO THE RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF BOYS AND GIRLS. HE HIMSELF TAUGHT THEM THEIR CATECHISM, AND PROVIDED SO WELL FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTION AT THE SCHOOLS OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE IN MILAN, THAT BY 1595, MORE THAN 20,000 CHILDREN WERE ENROLLED.

BORN AT ARONA, OCT. 2, 1580, CHARLES BORROROMEO, THE SON OF A NOBLEMAN, EARLY SHOWED HIS LOVE FOR LEARNING.

HURRY UP, CHARLES. DON'T YOU WANT TO GO HUNTING?

NOT TODAY. I'M TOO BUSY.



THOUGH CHARLES IS NOT CLEVER, MONSIGNOR CASTIGLIONI, YOU SEEM TO FAVOR HIM.

HE STUDIES HARD. YET HE IS A REAL BOY. SOMEDAY HE WILL BE A GREAT CHURCH LEADER.



AT 12, CHARLES RECEIVED THE TONSURE, THE FIRST STEP TOWARD HOLY ORDERS. CHARLES' HAIR WAS SHAVEN, AND HE WAS THEN INVESTED WITH THE SURPLICE.

MAY OUR LORD GIVE STRENGTH TO THY YOUTH, CHARLES.



WHEN HE WAS 16, HIS FATHER SENT HIM TO THE UNIVERSITY OF PAVIA.

DID YOU STUDY FOR THE EXAM? I'M JUST BEGINNING.

YOU'LL FREEZE TO DEATH IN THIS ROOM.



CHARLES DID HIS BEST, BUT AT TIMES ...

CHARLES, WHY ISN'T YOUR ASSIGNMENT READY?

I'VE HAD TO CARE FOR MY FATHER'S ESTATE.



DESPITE DOMESTIC BURDENS, CHARLES RECEIVED HIS DOCTORATE IN CIVIL AND CANON LAW. ALCIATO, HIS TEACHER, SPoke.

AS THE SUN SUDDENLY BRIGHTENS THE DAY, SO WILL CHARLES BRIGHTEN OUR WORLD.



IN 1559, POPE PIOUS IV SUMMONED CHARLES TO ROME. HE BECAME A CARDINAL AT 21.

I SHALL DEPEND ON YOU AS MY SECRETARY OF STATE AND AS A ADMINISTRATOR OF MILAN TO HELP ME IN EVERY WAY.



AT ROME, CHARLES OPENED EVENING SESSIONS AT WHICH BOTH CLERGY AND LAYMEN READ LATIN PAPERS.

MEANWHILE THE POPE HAD CALLED TOGETHER THE COUNCIL OF TRENT IN 1562. TO COMPILE THE DECREES OF THE COUNCIL, CHARLES DIRECTED THE WRITING OF THE CATECHISM OF THE COUNCIL OF TRENT WHICH IS STILL USED TODAY.

WE MUST MAKE DIVINE TRUTHS CLEAR TO OUR PEOPLE.





IN MILAN, CHARLES TURNED TO THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN. HE BELIEVED STRONGLY IN THE POWER OF CHILDREN'S PRAYER.



HE ADVANCED THE WORK OF THE SCHOOLS OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, FOUNDED IN 1536 BY CASTELLINO DA CASTELLO.



AT THE SCHOOLS OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE...



FOR THOSE INTERESTED IN COLLEGE EDUCATION, CHARLES FOUNDED THE COLLEGIO MOBILE IN MILAN.



BUT CHARLES' ACTIVITIES REACHED BEYOND THE DAIY ROOM. IN 1576, WHEN A PLAGUE STRUCK MILAN...

NO ONE DARES ENTER THE HOSPITAL. THE POOR DIE WITHOUT DOCTOR OR PRIEST.

I WILL ENTER. LATER I'LL BRING PRIESTS.



...CHARLES WORKED DAY AND NIGHT.

EGO TE ABSOLVO...

THE ARCHBISHOP AND HIS PRIESTS ARE RISKING THEIR LIVES



HE LED A PROCESSION ASKING GOD TO END THE PLAGUE.

DO PENANCE! THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS AT HAND.



AFTER THE PLAGUE, CHARLES CONTINUED TO FOUND SCHOOLS, AMONG THEM A SEMINARY IN MILAN FOR SWISS PRIESTS.

I HOPE TO SEE MANY PRIESTS HERE.

MAY OUR LORD SPEED THE DAY, YOUR EMINENCE.



ON OCTOBER 24, 1584, CHARLES BECAME ILL WITH FEVER. DESPITE HIS CONDITION, HE MADE PLANS FOR A COLLEGE AT ASCONA, AND ON ALL SAINTS' DAY...

OUR CARDINAL IS HARDLY STRONG ENOUGH TO STAND.

YET HE INSISTS ON GIVING CONVICTION TO THE NOVICES.



THE FEVER WAS DEADLY, AND ON NOVEMBER 3, 1584...

OUR CARDINAL IS DEAD.



CHUCK WHITE

PART
11

URGED BY JOE KELLY, CHUCK WENT WITH THE ST. JOHN'S SOCIETY TO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL TO HELP THE SICK ATTEND MASS ON SUNDAY. AT THE HOSPITAL, CHUCK MET JOE'S SISTER, JANIE, FOR THE FIRST TIME.

STEELTOWN
NEWS
SPORTS EDITOR

ST. JOHN'S HAS
WON THREE GAMES
AND TIED ONE.
EH?

THAT'S
RIGHT.

HOW'S
THIS
CHUCK
WHITE?

HE'S A SWEET GUARD.
BY THE TIME HE'S COLLEGE
MATERIAL, IF HE KEEPS IT
UP, HE'LL BE THE
FINEST GUARD IN
THE COUNTRY.

YOU MEAN IT?
WHAT CHANCE
HAS ST. JOHN'S
FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP?

BEST IN
YEARS. BELMONT
HAS THE ONLY
TEAM THAT CAN
COME NEAR
THEM

WHEN
DO THEY
TANGLE?

IN ABOUT
TWO WEEKS.

WHAT SORT IS
THIS WHITE?

YOU CAN HAVE
HIM, MAC.

TO HEAR HIM TALK,
YOU'D THINK THERE
WEREN'T 10 OTHER
PLAYERS ON THE TEAM.

TOO BAD!
FATHER CARR'LL
SAY WHITE HAS WHAT
IT TAKES, TOO.

IN THE ST. JOHN'S LOCKER ROOM AFTER FOOTBALL PRACTICE.

THERE'S A HALLOWE'EN PARTY COMING UP AT SCHOOL, CHUCK. YOU GOING?

HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT IT, JOE. ARE YOU?



YOU BET! I ALWAYS WAS SOCIAL-MINDED.

IS YOUR SISTER GOING?



JANIE? SURE, SHE'S HEAD OF THE EATS COMMITTEE.

THAT'S MY IDEA OF A NOBLE SOCIALITY PROJECT- TO FEED HUNGRY FOOTBALL MEN.



I'M THE DECORATION COMMITTEE. WANT TO COME OVER TO OUR HOUSE TONIGHT AND GIVE ME A HAND?

I'LL BE OVER AROUND 8 O'CLOCK.



JOE, BETTER SEE THAT THERE ARE COLD DRINKS IN THE REFRIGERATOR. DIDN'T YOU SAY THE WHITE BOY IS COMING OVER?

CHUCK WHITE? NOW'S HE DOING AT ST. JOHN'S, JOE?



HE'S DOING ALL RIGHT, POP.

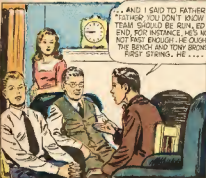
JOE, A MAN IS OFTEN JUDGED BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS. I'M WONDERING...



CHUCK'S REALLY A RIGHT GUY, POP. HE'LL BE OKAY IF HE STICKS WITH US.

YOU'RE RIGHT, JOE. I SHOULD GIVE CHUCK A CHANCE.





JOE, I WISH YOU'D DO
SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR
LITTLE BROTHER, MIKE.

WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
HIM?

DANNY HOWARD, NEXT DOOR, SAID HE AND
MIKE WERE PLAYING ELEPHANT-HUNTERS A
LITTLE WHILE AGO. A HERD OF ELEPHANTS CHARGED
THEM MIKE WAS ALL READY TO SHOOT. YOU KNOW
THE SOUND HE MAKES WITH HIS MOUTH?

SURE.
ACK-ACK-ACK-ACK.

THAT'S IT! WELL,
DANNY SAID HIS GUN
JAMMED, AND NOW
HE CAN'T TALK.

THAT'S THE
SILENT THING
I'VE EVER HEARD.

NO, IT'S NOT.
IT'S SERIOUS.
WHERE IS HE?

IN THE CELLAR.
HE WON'T COME UP
AND IT'S TIME FOR HIM
TO GO TO BED.

COME ON,
CHUCK. LET'S
SEE THIS.

MIKE, WHERE
ARE YOU?

UGH,
UGH!

THIS IS MIKE'S SPECIAL GROUND.
YOU CAN NEVER TELL WHAT YOU
MIGHT WALK INTO, IF YOU'RE NOT
CAREFUL. ANYTHING FROM A
PITFALL TO A LANDSLIDE!

I'LL BE
CAREFUL.







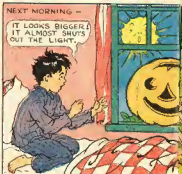


THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY...



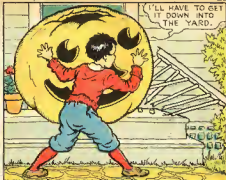
JIMMY'S JACK-O-LANTERN

A HALLOWEEN DREAM



HE BARELY GOT IT OUT THE DOOR.

THAT WAS CLOSE! AND IT HAS GROWN SO HEAVY!



I'LL HAVE TO GET IT DOWN INTO THE YARD.



JIMINY CRICKET! THE WHOLE FRONT FENCE IS GOING OVER.



TRAFFIC WAS BLOCKED COMPLETELY.



SEE HERE! THIS THING IS A HAZARD! IT IS BLOCKING A FIRE PLUG.



HAVE YOU A LICENSE? WELL, HERE'S A PARKING TICKET.

SOME THOUGHT IT COULD BE MOVED, BUT —



NOW IT HAD REACHED THE HOUSES.

JIMMY! IT'S YOURS!
DO SOMETHING!STOP IT
INSTANTLY!WE'RE JUST
PLAIN SCARED.BUT JIMMY DIDN'T HAVE THE
SLIGHTEST IDEA WHAT TO DO.COULD I CUT A
TUNNEL THROUGH
THE THING. I
WONDER?JIMMY
WOKE
UP.

AND THE NEXT MINUTE

POP!

A DREAM! WHAT A DREAM!
YOU DIDN'T GROW! THANKS
SO MUCH FOR NOT GROWING!
I LIKE YOU MUCH BETTER
THAN BILLY'S BIG ONE.VICTOR
MOORE
RIGGS

The Story of GLASS

By ARTHUR C. BROTHERS and LADYCE JING

PART
3

NOW I SHALL TELL YOU ABOUT
MODERN GLASS AND HOW IT IS
MADE. IF I COULD BORROW A

MAGIC CARDET,
I COULD TAKE
YOU TO...

...A MODERN GLASSMAKING
PLANT. AN ELECTRIC UN-
LOADING SHOVEL REMOVES
THE RAW MATERIALS FROM
BOX CARS AND DEPOSITS
THEM ON A CONVEYOR BELT
WHICH DISTRIBUTES THEM
TO BINS.

FROM HOPPERS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE
BINS, THE MATERIALS ARE DRAWN AND
WEIGHED. THE WEIGHED MATERIALS, WHICH
CONTAIN CULLET OR BROKEN GLASS, ARE
CARRIED ON A CONVEYOR TO...

...A ROTARY MIXER,
WHERE THE MATERIALS
ARE THOROUGHLY
MIXED AND CARRIED
ON TO...

...THE MELTING POT OR TANK.

AFTER 36 TO 48 HOURS, HUGE TONGS
REMOVE THE POT FROM THE FURNACE.

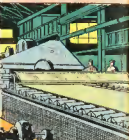
YOU HAVE TO KEEP
ADDING AND ADDING MATERIAL
TO THE CONTENT OF THE POT
BECAUSE IT SHRINKS AS IT
MELTS. YOU'D LOSE VOLUME
OTHERWISE.



AS THE MELTED GLASS EMERGES FROM THE POT OR TANK, IT ROLLS THROUGH A ROW OF ROLLERS LIKE A CLOTHES WRINGER.



FROM THE ROLLERS, THE GLASS PASSES VERY SLOWLY TO AN ANNEALING LEHR, OR LEHR, WHERE THE GLASS IS COOLED GRADUALLY TO ROOM TEMPERATURE.



NOW THE GLASS IS INSPECTED. IF ANY FLAWS ARE SEEN, THE GLASS IS DESTROYED AND USED OVER AGAIN AS COLLET.



IF THE GLASS IS FLAWLESS, IT GOES TO BE POLISHED. FIRST IT IS PRESSED FIRMLY INTO PLASTER OF PARIS IN ORDER TO HOLD IT IN POSITION. YOU CAN'T SEE THROUGH THIS GLASS YET!



THEN IT IS PASSED UNDER BATTERIES OF POWERFUL GRINDING MACHINES. THE GLASS IS POLISHED SMOOTHER AND SMOOTHER AND LASTLY, IT IS CLEANED...

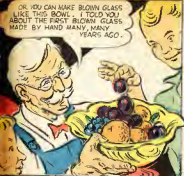


...AND CUT TO SIZE. HERE'S A GOOD SAMPLE OF THE FINISHED PRODUCT.

WHY, I KNOW! THAT'S PLATE GLASS!



OR YOU CAN MAKE BLOWN GLASS LIKE THIS BOWL. I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE FIRST BLOWN GLASS MADE BY HAND MANY, MANY YEARS AGO.



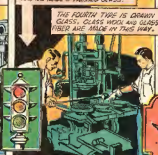
THAT OLD METHOD OF BLOWING BY HAND IS STILL USED ONLY ON JOBS REQUIRING SPECIAL HANDLING.



GENERALLY, TODAY, GLASS IS BLOWN BY MACHINE



A THIRD TYPE IS PRESSED GLASS. CASSEROLES, BRICKS, AND FRYING PANS ARE MADE OF PRESSED GLASS.



THE FOURTH TYPE IS DRAWN GLASS. GLASS WOOD AND GLASS FIBER ARE MADE IN THIS WAY.



THAT'S ABOUT ALL, EXCEPT SPECIAL TYPES OF GLASS THAT HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED IN THE LAST FEW YEARS.

TELL US ABOUT THEM.



THERE IS SAFETY GLASS, A SANDWICH-PIRE GLASS. BULLET-PROOF GLASS IS A FORM OF SAFETY GLASS.



HEAT-RESISTING GLASS IS EXCELLENT FOR COOKING UTENSILS BECAUSE IT WITHSTANDS EXTREME CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE.



HEAT-TEMPERED PLATE GLASS CAN BE TWISTED AND SUBJECTED TO ALL KINDS OF SHOCK. IT IS USED FOR GLASS DOORS AND DIVING BOARDS.



HEAT-INSULATING GLASS IS MADE OF TWO PANES OF GLASS, WITH AIR SPACE BETWEEN. ADMIRAL BIRD USED IT IN THE ANTARCTIC.



HEAT-ABSORBING GLASS USED IN DISPLAYS ABSORBS THE HEAT OF THE SUN BY FILTERING OUT INFRA-RED RAYS.



GLASS FIBER IS USED EITHER AS WOOL OR TEXTILE.



AND HERE IS THE LARGEST PIECE OF GLASS IN THE WORLD. THE 200-INCH REFLECTING MIRROR FOR THE PALOMAR OBSERVATORY TELESCOPE IN CALIFORNIA. IT WEIGHS 13 TONS.



AND THAT'S THE STORY OF GLASS. NOW DON'T BE BREAKING ANY MORE WINDOWS.

NO, MR. MORRIS. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH.





PART II.

Firehouse 461—Hook and Ladder—was in a sad state after Chief Gorley had left that morning. And Captain Canning was on the warpath again. The target of his wrath was Smokey, whose career as a firehouse mascot seemed sure to be shortlived. Chief Gorley had made it clear that the frolicking Palsatian was to be discharged from the Division—and all because Smokey, in his effort to be friendly, had sent the Chief sprawling on the sidewalk. Then Captain Canning, upset and chagrined, had issued orders that Smokey and "461" must soon part company—for good.

"No more excuses—and that's final!" the Captain told Brill and Murray when they pleaded for another chance for their mascot. "I said that the clumsy animal might stay if he caused no trouble. But he managed more trouble in five minutes than the whole department could cook up in ten years. He knocked down Chief Gorley and it's a wonder . . ." The two men could not get in a word.

"You heard what the Chief said, and what he said goes double for me," the Captain stormed. "Get Smokey out of this house today and never bring a dog around here again!"

Murray and Brill looked at each other, then left, unhappy and glum. They knew that, when he was in a mood like this, no one could reason with the Captain. So they rejoined the group of gloomy fire-fighters who sat around a table, eulogizing Smokey.

"It's going to be dull around here without you, fellow," said Bruder as he stroked Smokey's spotted ear. Smokey had been lying quietly on the floor since the Chief had blustered into his car. The dog seemed aware that

he had done something wrong, seemed even to sense that he was sentenced to leave "461." For the gleam had gone from his large, friendly eyes, and he was a sad, lonesome dog.

Just then, the old drums were shaken out of the men in a hurry. An alarm sounded and the bells rang throughout the firehouse. The place was like an aroused anthill, with its inhabitants running in all directions. The big motors of the trucks began to cough and sputter. The firemen jumped up on the sides and on to the rear of the engines as they roared out into the street.

Brill was at the wheel of the big Number One truck. "Hey, Ted!" he yelled to Murray above the noise. "Let's take Smokey to this blaze. It will be his first and last trip with us, and he deserves this one. What say?"

"Great idea! Come on, boy!" Murray called, then whistled to the dog. Smokey was on duty, as usual, wagging his tail and barking wildly to urge the men on their way. When he heard Murray whistle and saw Brill beckon him on to the truck, he hesitated an instant, for he knew he was not supposed to board the engines. Murray whistled again. Then, a split second before the truck was in motion, Smokey had leaped up on to the seat. As Number One pulled out of the firehouse, the mascot was installed, happy and safe, between Brill and Murray and behind the big wheel.

That this would be no bonfire, the men on the truck well knew. They prepared themselves for the blaze, donning helmets and boots and coats while the engine sped along the city streets. With the sirens whining and the bells clanging, the shiny red trucks turned corners, dodged traffic and raced toward the

west end of town. Smokey had never been happier in his short life with the fire department. For, as people stopped to watch the roaring engines, they stared at the spotted dog sitting proudly in the cab of the lead truck.

What Smokey did not know, however, was that the "5608"—which the bells had tolled out—was the box for the plastics plant, the worst fire hazard in the division. With resins and chemicals ready to blow up at any minute, spreading sheets of flame from building to building, even a small fire there could be perilous. The men smiled at their spunky mascot on his first trip to a fire, but inwardly they wondered about the fire itself.

As they neared the plant, their worst fears were realized. Great columns of smoke billowed up to the sky. Although not a minute had been lost in answering the alarm, the plastics plant was burning briskly. When the mighty engines ground to a stop, the men were off, running out long coils of hose, wheeling out the chemical units, then heading into the blaze. Great streams of water were playing into the buildings, and jets of chemicals were choking the flames.



The Captain was there, directing the main forces, shouting orders, calling for more water here, for more men there. In the excitement, he did not notice Smokey, but the dog was watching him. Here, in a setting strange to Smokey, were the firemen he loved. And here, the men seemed even more at home than in the firehouse. Each man knew exactly what he was doing, alert to the big battle facing them all—to conquer the flames and save the lives and property of the people.

A perilous fire, it was. The plant was U-shaped. With the main blaze in the base of the U, the firemen were battling to prevent its spread to the sides. Some of the men were fighting from the rounded back of the building, but Smokey noticed that Murray, Brill and Captain Canning were among those in front. At times, the force of the blaze seemed spent, then it would flare anew, sharp tongues of fire showing through the heavy smoke. An hour had passed and the score was even; the men were holding their own.

Chief Corley had arrived and was conferring with Captain Canning. Monsignor O'Donnell, the fire department chaplain, had come with the Chief. New engines had reported at the scene. News of a fire travels fast, and the police were now busy holding back the frenzied crowds.

And then it happened. Just when the fire seemed under control, a mighty explosion shook the whole building, and flames belched forth from all the windows. The force of the blast had loosened the walls of the building so that, with a second explosion coming on the heels of the first, they swayed back and forth and threatened to topple.

Blue-white flashes blinded the firemen who had been fighting the flames from the center of the U. Caught unprepared, they were trapped there, the walls falling in upon them.

"Run back! Look out! Drop the hose!" outsiders screamed frantically at the imprisoned men. And most of the little group in the center escaped, dazed but safe. The men's faces were taut as they took count.

"Brill and the Captain are still in there!" Murray yelled to the others, as huge chunks of flaming concrete hurtled to the earth. Another quick check confirmed their fears. The Captain and Brill had been trapped. If by Divine Providence they had survived the crash, they were under the wreckage, perhaps choked by the stifling smoke.

Smokey, watching intently from the sidelines, had not once taken his eyes off his friends. The blast had shaken his whole body so that it quivered. He felt the ground rumble with the fallen walls. When Murray shouted and pointed to the heap of flaming debris,

Smokey was sure that something seriously wrong had happened. He moved closer to the pile of firemen, now standing near the spot where their fighting comrades had been trapped.

Suddenly Smokey's tail stood out stiffly. He peered into the rubble in front of him. Somewhere in the midst of the flames, Smokey spotted familiar forms—and he dashed headlong into the flames.

Everyone watched in tense amazement as Smokey disappeared completely and the flames closed in on him. A minute seemed an hour. Was that Smokey? Backing out of the blazing ruins? It was Smokey—and he was dragging, backward, the limp form of a man.

By the grace of God, the fallen girders of the walls had formed a shelter over the Captain and Brill. Fortunately, too, the blast had knocked the men down and had left a small space between them and the flaming bricks. Smokey had spied the small opening and had decided that he could squeeze in and out.

It was Captain Canning whom Smokey had just dragged to the edge of the burning mass. There, ready hands had picked him up and had carried him to safety.

Back again into the flames went the dog. Firemen and onlookers held their breaths, for Smokey failed to come out as quickly as before. This time it seemed ages, but the dog again backed out of the ruins, dragging Brill by the back of the collar.

The throng of spectators seemed to forget the fire. They cheered Smokey. The dog was perplexed. He saw big firemen actually crying with joy and admiration—joy in the rescue of their comrades, and admiration for the gallant Smokey who had braved the flames to save his friends.

Brill and the Captain were safe and, eventually, the fire was conquered. The building was almost totally gutted, but there were no further casualties in the charred shell of the factory.

Smokey was the hero of the town. Next day, all the newspapers carried fine stories of his heroism. Right on the front page, was a picture of Smokey and Chief Gorley, with the Chief's arm around the dog. Under the picture, words told how the Chief had decorated Smokey for bravery "beyond the call of duty."

Nothing further was mentioned about Smokey leaving the department. The Chief had even told reporters how friendly Smokey had been the very first time he had met the dog.

The Captain left the hospital three days after Brill had, but he never again suggested to Brill or to Murray that Smokey was not welcome. It was good to hear him, instead, tell visitors how he had permitted Smokey to come into the firehouse.



As for Smokey, while he cannot quite understand all the fuss made over him, he knows that he can go to fires now. So today, if children happen to see a big, spotted Dalmatian riding around on a fire engine, they need not wonder how he got there.

For that is Smokey, of "461," the bravest, stoutest mascot any fire department ever had.

SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES THAT APPEARED IN THE LAST ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST.

SCRAMBLED NATIONS

1. SWEDEN
2. ARGENTINA
3. GREAT BRITAIN
4. GUATEMALA
5. SWITZERLAND
6. AFGHANISTAN



IT ALL ADDS UP!

BRAIN TEASER

4 boys, 3 girls.

BOTTOMS UP!

- I—Turn over 2 and 3.
- II—Turn over 1 and 3.
- III—Turn over 2 and 3.

See if you can find other solutions.



Puzzle & Game Page

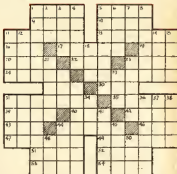
by Jules Leopold

ACROSS

DOWN

1. Pecks
2. Not quick in motion
3. Scurry, gay
10. Van
11. He awakens the soldier in the morning
12. Something strange
13. What a hen hatches
14. Regulars dress edging
19. Gossile of Toot
20. Snow vehicle
21. Practical skill
22. Shore
23. Beginner's noices
24. Withstands
25. Payment for service
26. To work with a saddle
27. North American poem
28. Puttles
29. In Greek mythology, the goddess of discord
40. Unit of work
41. Bring out all danger
42. Grow old
43. Doubt; strain
44. Inevitable friend
45. To lubricate
46. Make full again
47. Twist
48. Feet
49. Aid and encourage
50. Mineral springs

1. Short, sword-like weapon
2. To suffer pain
3. Reared, hatched
4. Country north of Palestine
5. Blamished
6. Best
7. Aged
8. Determines how heavy
9. Most excellent
11. Opposite to the eye
12. Soule of a horn
13. Vapors
14. Make a mistake
15. Removes the hat
16. Grievous
17. Clean
18. To take a seal
19. One of the basic parts of anything
21. Shaggy animal
22. Force applied
23. Spanish festival
24. Mineral deposit
25. Swift current in a river
26. Egg-shaped
27. Invenior of the telephone
41. Clothes
42. Certain
43. Gather harvest
44. Baby lion
45. Brother; title of monk or dog



THE BROKEN CLOCK



Just how good are your powers of observation? Here is a little test which concerns something we see often—a watch.

On many watches how is the sixth hour indicated on a watch? Look—and you'll be surprised.

On some clock faces the fifth hour is shown as "V"—and the seventh hour as "VII." How is the fourth hour shown?

Here is the Broken Clock problem. Shaken by a mighty electric drill used in street repairs, a big clock, outside a jewelry store, became loose and crashed to the sidewalk. When the jeweler salvaged it, he noticed that the dial had split into four sections.

Oddly enough, the total of the numerals in each of the four broken sections was 20. Can you divide the face of this clock the same way?

WORD GOLF

In this word game, as in the game of golf, the lowest score wins. The idea is to change one word into another in the least number of strokes. In each stroke, you change one letter in the word to form a new word.

For example, you can change BOY into MAN in 3 strokes, thus: BOY 1. BAY 2. MAY 3. MAN.

See what you can do with this one. Change BLACK into WHITE. Par is 8 strokes, maybe you can better that.

BLACK

- | | |
|----------|----------|
| 1. _____ | 5. _____ |
| 2. _____ | 6. _____ |
| 3. _____ | 7. _____ |
| 4. _____ | 8. WHITE |

MATCH STUNT



Tommy placed four matches and a nickel on the table. Then he challenged Jeanne to lay the nickel on the matches under the following conditions:

1. The nickel touches all four matches.
2. The nickel does not touch the head of any match.
3. The nickel does not touch the table.
4. No head of a match touches the table.
5. No match shall be bent or broken.

Jeanne worked it out. Can you?

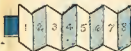
ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE PUZZLES WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST

HALLOWEEN FUN

A FACE AT THE WINDOW



TAKE A STRIP OF HEAVY WHITE PAPER, THE WIDTH OF THE WINDOW PANE. FOLD IT IN HALVES, QUARTERS AND EIGHTHS. CUT OUT THE PICKET FENCE LIKE THIS →



ATTACH THE FENCE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE WINDOW PANE WITH BITS OF TRANSPARENT PAPER TAPE.

CUT A LARGE JACK-O'-LANTERN HEAD FROM ORANGE CONSTRUCTION PAPER.



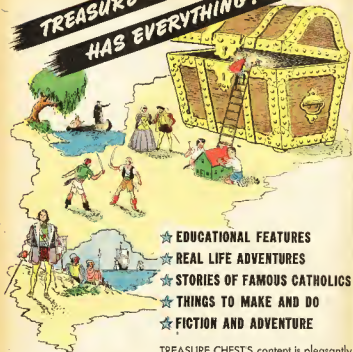
ATTACH IT TO THE WINDOW BEHIND THE FENCE.

AT NIGHT, PUT A LIGHT BEHIND THE FACE.



VIOLET MOORE HIGGINS

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